Numb. 9

THE

Weekly Comedy,

As it is Dayly Acted at moſt *Coffee-Houſes* in *LONDON*,

BY

Snarl, *a Disbanded Captain.*	Cant, *a Preciſian.*	Log, *a Marriner.*
Truck, *a Merchant.*	Snap, *a Sharper.*	Scan-all, *a Poet.*
Scribble, *a News-Writer.*	Squabble, *a Lawyer.*	Pluſh, *a Quack.*
All-craft, *a Turncoat.*	Whim, *a Projector.*	Prim, *a Beau.*

Note, That all Theſe Perſons will not Speak in every ſingle Paper, but as the Author finds occaſion to Introduce 'em

From Wednesday June 28. to Wednesday July 5. 1699.

Snarl. YOu may find by this, what an Itching deſire Maidens have to anſwer the end of their Creation. I wonder, Mr. *Cant*, how you do to keep ſo many Buxom Daughters in Subjection? I think you have three or four that are Marriageable.

Cant. Alas, poor Lambs, they are ſo Innocent, that I dare ſay the Eldeſt and Wiſeſt of 'em, does not in the leaſt imagine what ſhe was Born for; and is ſo far from coveting a Husband, that I believe in my Heart ſhe wonders what it is that People Marry for.

Snarl. I'll warant you ſhe's not ſo Ignorant, but that ſhe knows People Marry to beget Children. And never fear, but ſhe has a ſtrong gueſſe at what muſt be done in order to produce 'em. Pray how old is ſhe?

Cant. Alack-a-day, ſhe's but in her Infancy; ſhe never yet ſaw One and Twenty. And I may Swear for her, poor Girl, that ſhe can no more conceive with what ſort of Spade ſhe was dug out of the Parſly-Bed, than a Child of a Year old. [*Enter* Truck.]

Truck. Your Servant, Gentlemen. How do you do all? What? No News ſtiring amongſt you?

Snarl. Yes, yes, here's Mr. *Cant* has told me more News by abundance than I have Faith to give credit to. He ſays his Eldeſt Daughter is almoſt One and Twenty, and does not know which way ſhe came into the World yet. Do you think any Woman at thoſe Years can be ſo Ignorant?

Truck. I ſaw her, as I came a long, juſt ſteping into a Coach; ſhe's a very pretty Modeſt Young Woman, I believe truely.

Cant. Coach Sir! Coach! You ſee my Daughter ſteping into a Coach! My Daughter, I'd have you to know, Sir, was never in a Coach in her Life.

Truck. Nay, I am ſure I know her well enough; and if ever I ſaw your Daughter in my Life, 'twas ſhe; and a Gentleman in a Red-Coat along with her. I ſuppoſe by his Garb he was ſome Officer.

Cant. Bleſs me! Neighbour *Truck*, why what is't you mean! My Daughter with a Soldier! a Man in a Red-Coat!

Snarl. A Red-Coat, why you old Puritanical, Cozening, Diſſembling Mechanick Hypocrite, do you think its any diſparagement to your Daughter to be ſeen with a Man in a Red-Coat?

Cant. O dear, good Captain, no Sir. I don't think it a Scandal for her to be ſeen with any worthy Gentleman that bears Commiſſion under his Majeſty, and has hazarded his Life and Fortune for the Security of our Religion and Liberty. But I Vow and Proteſt, Sir, now I think on't again, I cannot imagine what buſineſs my Daughter can have with an Officer.

Snarl. Why then I'll tell you. You ſay ſhe's ſo very Innocent, that ſhe does not know what Pains her Parents were taking when ſhe was firſt caſt into the Mould of Generation; and I ſuppoſe ſhe's following the ſteps of our firſt Grannum, in ſearch of the forbidden Fruit, in order to taſte thereof and be made Wiſer.

Cant. Adnouns and Needles! Grant me Patience! A Gipſie, a Jilt, a Baggage! O wicked Seed of the Serpent, to enter into this Temptation! O could I but tell into what ſhades of Sin and Darkneſs Satan has led them, would I follow like a Roaring Lyon, and deliver my ungracious off-ſpring out of the hands of the ungodly.

Truck. I can tell you where they're gone; for I heard the Gentleman bid the Coach-man drive to the New Play-houſe in *Lincoln's-Inn-Feilds*.

Cant. Play-houſe! Neighbour *Truck*, Nouns! Play-houſe! O Graceleſs Impudence, Prophane Idolatreſs, Audacious Ne'er-be-good, Incorrigable Huſſie! Have I, thy indulging Father, train'd thee up in the way thou ſhouldſt go, that thou might'ſt not depart from it? Have I prayed in my own Houſe twice a day, and art thou at laſt run a ſtray like a loſt Sheep? Have I watchfully handed thee to the Aſſemblies of the Righteous, and art thou now Tempted by one of the Wicked, to ſee a Stage-Play? O Abomination! How ſhall I Pacifie my Rage, that Satan overcometh me not?

Prim. Why, Sir, ſhould you be ſo Angry with your Daughter, there's a great many Vertuous Young Ladies, and Ingenious Gentlemen, that go to the Play-houſe. And, I'll aſſure you, I believe there's as much to be Learn'd from ſome Plays, as from ſome Sermons.

Cant. O Monſtrous! Did you ever hear ſuch a Prophane Reprobate, ſuch a degenerate Sinner, to compare a Play to a Sermon! The Word of Holineſs to the Doctrine of the Devil? Avant thou ungodly Mammon. Can they be Righteous that Love Singing and Dancing? Is a Play-houſe a Place to ſeek the Lord in? Out upon thee, I ſay, for the Limb of Satan. Thou art a Wanderer in the Dark, and the Light's not in thee.

Truck. Come Mr. *Cant*, don't put your ſelf into this Paſſion, matters may'nt be ſo bad as you think 'em; the Gentleman may be a Modeſt

Man

Man, and Scorn to offer any Incivility to your Daughter.

Cant. A Modeſt Man! What in a Red-Coat! that's a likely piece of buſineſs.

Snarl. Why not Modeſt in a Red-Coat, Mr. *Holy-cheat*, as well as in a Black one? What Sanctity is there more in a Band, than there is in a Sword? If you carry Religion in your looks, you think it's no matter whether you have any in your Conſciences; and if you do but Rail againſt Sin, it's no matter how much you Practice it.

Cant. Excuſe me, Good Captain, I Vow I am ſo overwhelm'd with Vexation about this Undutiful Baggage, that I know not what I ſay, or what to think, or what to do, or which way to turn my ſelf. I do not know Captain, but Red-Coats may be as good as other Coats; but I cannot dream what buſineſs my Daughter has a broad with any Coat, except Petticoats. In a Coach too Forſooth! Nah, and gone to the Play-houſe! Well, I muſt go home and Correct this Riſing Satan in me, with reading o'er Mr. ——— Sermon upon Patience, or I ſhall certainly run beſides my ſelf. Mr. *Scribble*, pray go along with me, and help to ſupport me under this Affliction, or I fear I ſhall ſink down beneath the Burthen of my Sorrows.

Scribble. Ay, Mr. *Cant*, with all my Heart. You know you Command me at all times to ſerve you.

Cant. But I will firſt fortifie my drooping Spirits againſt the aſſaults of Satan. Here, Boy, bring me a Two-penny Glaſs of Brandy: Be ſure Sirrah you fill your Glaſs. *(Drinks)*

Cant, Scribble, *Exeunt.*

Snarl. What is this old whining Hypocritical piece of Divinity, that pretends to all this Zeal, and Piety?

Truck. He's a Taylor; and for all his ſeeming Purity, he's as arrant a Knave as ever trod upon the *Change*, or kept Shop between *Ludgate* and *Allgate*.

Snarl. Truly I thought ſo; for a body ſhall ſeldom obſerve any of theſe Saints, that pretend to be ſo over Religious, but if a Man has dealing with them, he ſhall find 'em the moſt ſubtle, deſigning, unreaſonable People in the Univerſe; and have leſs Morality or Charity towards Mankind, than either *Jews*, *Turks*, or *Infidels*.

Truck. It's very true. I know a Pawn-Broker in Cloth-Fair, who the other Day bought as many Remnants of him, as came to fourſcore Pound; and he told me, he verily believ'd twas all Cabbage: For, ſays he, I know many of his Cuſtomers, being of the ſame Congregation, and I am ſure I have a piece of the ſame Cloth that any of their Suits are made on.

Snarl. He's a hopeful Rogue indeed. I hope my Brother Soldier will be even with him; and teach his Innocent Babe of Grace to underſtand Trap before he parts with her. For it may be generally obſerv'd the Hypocriſie of ſuch Puritans is uſually Puniſh'd with the Adultery of their Wives, or the Fornications of their Daughters.

Truck. Why, for all he pretends ſhe is ſo wonderfully Innocent and Modeſt, 'tis reported amongſt the Neighbourhood, that he himſelf catch'd her in Bed with a Countrey Knight that Lodg'd at his Houſe; and upon a promiſe of his Cuſtom, was the next day as good Friends with his Daughter, as if ſhe had done nothing to offend him: And they ſay, that the old Woman will ſtill humble the Proud Fleſh of a Holy Brother, with as much reſpect to the Sweet *Sin* of Copulation, as ever a good Woman in the Pariſh ſhe Lives in.

Snarl. Prithee let 'em alone to puniſh the Sins of one another throughout the whole Family. Let's find ſomething elſe to talk on. Have you Buried any Vinters of your Acquaintance lately? They ſay there's as great a Rot amongſt them now, as there was amongſt the Horſes in the Spring. Don't you find it every where taken Notice on?

Truck. Yes, yes, 'tis almoſt in every Body's Mouth. And I hear the Colledge of Phyſicians are ſo frighted at it, that they won't touch a drop of Wine, but all drink *Derby-Ale* inſtead on't, which they prefer now to be much the Wholeſomer Liquor.

Scan-all. I have juſt made an end of reading the News Papers; and now I'm at a little Leiſure to bear you Company. What, you were talking about the Mortality that is fallen lately amongſt the Vintners.

Snarl. 'Tis but a juſt Judgment upon 'em; for they are grown of late more Unconcionable Rogues than Tally-Men; and inſtead of ſelling you tollerable Wine at eighteen-pence a Quart, they have now the Impudence to Poiſon People at Two-ſhillings.

Truck. You may obſerve, go to what Tavern you will, Vintners don't Care of late to Truſt their own Bodies with their own Wine. But if you ask 'em to ſit down, they will make twenty excuſes to avoid Drinking, rather than keep you Company.

Snarl. A P— take 'em for a parcel of Brewing Canary-Birds; there's one of the greateſt Pleaſures of Life loſt for fear of being Poiſon'd by 'em. I have been a Clarret bibber ſo long, that I can no more give my Veſſel true Lading with Malt Guzzle, than you can freight a Ship with dry Spunges. Muddy Ale is fit for nothing but for a Man to Ballaſt himſelf withal; and keep him from turning Keel uppermoſt.

Scan-all. That's the Truth on't, they have dealt very Barbarouſly by Mankind a great while. And I dare Swear, ever ſince the happy Revolution, they have Kill'd more People Yearly with their Adulterated Wines, than ever were deſtroy'd in twice the time by Phyſicians advice, and Apothecarries Phyſick.

Truck. Indeed I believe their Sophiſticated Juices have been the Deſtruction of more Men than the Wars in *Flanders*. And how to prevent their Roguery, is as far beyond the Cunning of our Law-givers, as 'tis beyond the Power of a Prieſt, tho' upon true Repentance, to make a Whore a Maid again.

Snarl. I think we muſt Petition the next Convocation to have a Curſe upon all Wine-Brewers put into the Litany; and, perhaps, that may deter 'em from this Abominable Practice of Sophiſtication.

Scan-all. Hang 'em Knaves, they'd mind that no more than a Stanch *Jacobite* does the Payment of double Taxes, but would ſay *Amen* to't as demurely as Adulterers do to *Curſed is he that lyes with another Mans Wife.*

Snarl. There is but one Method as I know on, to be even with them; and that is, for every Extravagant Sot to Swear to Live a Sober Life, and become a good Husband. And that's the way for theſe worſt ſort of Adulterers to fall into the devouring Jaws of a Statute of Bankrupt, by which they will be torn into ſundry pieces, and become a ſad Example to others how they Commit the ſame Villanous abuſes.

Scan-all. I think we muſt e'en take your Advice, till they mend both their Manners and their Wines; and not have the Confidence to affirm that to be good Claret, which is not good enough to be burnt for a Porters Funeral. And till they cleanſe both their Bodies and their Cellars of thoſe intollerable Corruptions, with a ſhort Curſe, I have bid 'em Farewel.

SInce they the Noble Juice abuſe,
As we may juſtly think-it,
May all the Topers Wine refuſe,
And none but Rabble Drink-it.

Thus may they Slaves, to Slaves become,
Till they're deſpis'd among-us;
And ſmell no Sweeter Air at home
Then Smoak of Damn'd Mundungus.

May they be Curb'd and live in Awe
Of Porters, and of Carmen;
And drink no Wine but what they draw
To ſuch Miſ-judging Vermin.

As they deſerve, grant mighty Jove,
That this may be their Sentence,
May Stum *their Ling'ring Poiſon prove,*
And bring 'em to Repentance. [Exeunt Omnes.]

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The Protestant Mercury.

Occurrences, *Forein* and *Domestick*.

From Wednesday, July 5. to Friday, July 7. 1699.

Rome, *June* 20.

ON Thursday last the Pope went in a Chair to accompany the Holy Sacrament, by way of Procession, from the Chappel of Pope *Sixtus* to the Cathedral of St. *Peter's*. There were also present the Secular and Regular Clergy, the Officers of the Court, the Gentlemen, all the Prelates, Bishops, Arch-bishops and Cardinals; but the Governor of this City being extreamly incommoded by a Cold, was not present there, nor the Constable *Colonna*, by reason of some Dispute with the Imperial Ambassador, (who was there present) about Precedency. After this the Pope Dined at the *Vatican*, and from thence took a turn to the *Quirinal*. The Jesuits have obtained of the Pope, to have the Cardinal *Pamfilio* made a Member of the Assembly of the *Inquisition*, as being very desirous to have one of their Adherents in that Function. A certain Jesuit hath Introduced a certain Young Gentleman of *Sweden* to Kiss the Pope's Foot, for which Service ('tis commonly reported) he hath obtained an Apartment in a certain Colledge. 'Tis discourse, that the *French* King hath wrote to the Pope with his own Hands, and therein requests, that the Jesuits may have a share in the Holy Sepulcher, and that his Holiness would endeavour to obtain a Permission of the same of the *Ottoman* Emperor, but Father *Diaz* strenuously opposeth the same, by reason several Persons, who have taken care of the same, would loose their Rights and Priviledges thereby.

Lisbon, *June* 2. Don *Emanuel d' Azevedo* and Don *Pedro Mascharenha*, are sent out with the Character of Commissioners, to Levie some Horse and Foot in this Kingdom. All the Ships of the Colledge of Commerce have received Orders to be ready for sailing at the King's Command. We having had here some moderate Rains for some Weeks past, we are in great hopes of a plentiful Harvest. The Queen Dowager of *England*, who hath been Indisposed for some days, is now perfectly re-established in her Health.

Francfort, *July* 5. We have Advice from *Straburgh*, that the late Inundation there had caused far greater damage to *Fort Keyl* than was at first imagined, the Dam being wholly spoiled and ruined even to the foot of the Pallisadoes, and that the Superintendant of the Fortifications Monsieur *de Pelletier* was expected there on the 8th instant from *France*, and the Marquis *d' Uxelles* about the same time, from his Castle of *Wiltzen*.

Colign, *July* 7. We having already made a beginning in our Harvest here, Orders were yesterday given by the Elector of *Cologn*, to hold a day of Prayers, and a Solemn Procession, in which the Holy Sacrament was carried through the greatest part of this City, and at which the whole Body of the Clergy, as also all the several Orders of the Cloisters, making in all above 3000 Persons, and above 10000 other Persons, assisted; and the evening was concluded with excellent Musick, and Singing *Te Deum*. We have lately found 3 Persons Murdered in the *Filler* Wood.

Dresden, *July* 4. We are now very busy here in Building 3 or 4 new Apartments at the Court, in which 500 Men are daily employed, as also to make the Gardens very handsome and neat, and 'tis from thence conjectured, that His Majesty of *Poland*, our Elector, will Honour us with his presence this year. A new Ordinance for a Regulation of the Bank, is Printed and Published here.

Paris, July 11. *Our* Gazette *published this day gives the following Account of the Affairs of* Poland, *viz.*

Warsaw, *June* 16. A great number of Senators and Nuntios have been arrived here for some time, in order to assist at the General Dyet, and we expected the Cardinal Primate very suddenly, who parted the 9th from *Breslau* for his Castle at *Lowitz*. The particular Dyet of the *Palatinate* of *Masovia* was held here, and is happily terminated. This day we opened the General Dyet, by a Mass of the Holy Ghost, Celebrated in St. *John's* Church, in presence of the King, the Senators and Nuntios. In the Afternoon they Assembled, to proceed to an Election of a Marshal of the Dyet, but that was not done, because several Nuntios are not yet arrived; others assure us, that 'tis only a Pretence, to gain time till the *Saxon* Troops are gone out of the Kingdom, for which reason the Dyet will be adjourned for some time. The King is not yet gone to take a review of his Troops, which are said to be in a very ill Condition, but hath sent Colonel *Benzick* to chose those whom he designs to retain here. The Regiment of Foot-Guards came hither yesterday, and 200 of them mount the Guard at the Castle every day: Some Thousands more are coming hither, which augments the scarcity of Provisions in this Place, where they are already excessive Dear, and causeth great Murmurings among the Nobility, who persist in their Demands of having all the *Saxon* Troops sent away. The King hopes, notwithstanding, to obtain a sufficient number for his Guards, of the Dyet, offering to pay them himself, that they may not be Chargeable to the State. The rest of the Troops continue their March towards *Silesia*, tho' very slowly: But, as they have not paid their Debts, and as the Damages are not made good, which divers Palatinates have sustained by the Disorders they have committed, 'tis thought, that this will be a new Subject of Complaint to the General Dyet. We have Advice, that the Troops which compose the Army of the Crown, will very soon Assemble in a Body, and demand of the Dyet the Summs of Money promised them, and the Arrears due to them, and there is great cause to fear, that if satisfaction is refused them, they will enter into a new Confederacy. These Intestine Divisions make us think, that we shall not have an open War with the Elector of *Brandenburgh*, but that we shall rather terminate the Differences about *Elbing* amicably, by the Mediation of some Neighbouring Potentate. We hear from *Dantzick*, that the Magistrates had resolved to suspend the Exportation of Corn, not to be unfurnished therewith, if the General Dyet had no success. The last Letters from *Leopol* tell us, that no certain time is yet fixed for the evacuation of *Caminieck*, and that the same could not be done until the Seraskier had received new Orders from the Port. The Hospodars of *Moldavia* and *Valachia* have wrote to our Grand General, to excuse themselves in not furnishing the necessary Waggons, *&c.* for the evacuation of the Place, on pretence their Subjects want them for their Husbandry: On the contrary we hear, that the *Turks* are Possessed of *Jassi* in *Moldavia*, and that a Reinforcement of Troops is entred into it. That the Garison of *Caminieck* had newly Sow'd the Gardens belonging to the Place and thereabouts, and do at present refuse the *Poles* an Entrance into it, tho' they have had hitherto the freedom

of

London, July 12. We are told, that laſt Week no leſs than 36 Perſons were committed to *Newgate*, viz. On Monday 11, on Tueſday 8, on Wedneſday 4, on Thurſday 6, on Friday 6, and on Saturday 1.

Several Merchant Ships bound for the *Streights*, are getting ready with the utmoſt expedition, to have the benefit of Sir *Cloudeſly Shovel*'s Squadron, who is bound thither.

By private Letters from *France* we hear, that 5 Coiners are ſeized at *Rouan*, for Counterfeiting Louis D'Ors.

From *Rumney-Marſh* we hear, that a fierce Engagement happened there, between 5 Gypſies and 4 Luſty Foot-pads, in which the former being worſted, were forced to yield, after which they were Stript and Bound; but before they had finiſhed their Work, a Farmer coming by, with many of his Haymakers and Servants, ſeized the Padders alſo, and Bound them; after which he ſent word to the Conſtable, who came well attended, and carrying them before a Juſtice of Peace, they were all committed to Goal, where they muſt ly till the approaching Aſſizes.

It's ſaid, that his Excellency the Earl of *Manchester* ſets forward on his Journey to the Court of *France* this day 7 night.

Laſt Week 3 Highway-men were taken on *Salisbury-Plain*, and committed to the County Goal.

It's now diſcourſed, that His Catholick Majeſty has been prevailed on to declare his Succeſſor, who we hear is to reſide in the Court of one of the Proteſtant Princes of the late Confederacy.

Laſt Week 3 Men in Soldiers Habits came into an Ale-houſe near *Field-lane*, and having Drank pretty freely, till all the Company were gone, ſeized on the Old Woman, deſigning to Diſpatch her, but a Neighbour over the way perceiving what was intended, called out, and ſaid he would be with them preſently; which ſo affrighted the Rogues, that they run away in very great haſte.

We hear, that laſt Saturday it Rained very ſmartly, both at *Epſom* and *Tunbridge*.

☞ There are Advertiſements to inform thoſe that do not underſtand the *Hopeful-Adventure*, the great difference between it and other Lotteries, it being the only Contrivance that can juſtify the impoſſibility of uſing the leaſt Deceit, and a poſſibility of getting Twenty Thouſand Pounds in Money with one Ticket; it is Drawn without Blanks, for every ones Number being upon the Balls, none can be left out, but they that ſay Drawing in the Common way without Blanks is fair, ſay that which they cannot juſtify, for let them pretend what they pleaſe, if they do not mix as many Blanks with the Prizes, as will equal the number of Tickets cut out, there can be no way found to give the Adventurers an aſſurance their Numbers are all in, and for want of Blanks, the Owners of the multitude of thoſe Numbers that are left after the Prizes are Drawn, are deprived of a poſſibility of getting a Prize, which otherwiſe might have had an equal ſhare with the reſt. Advertiſements may be had at Mr. *Thornecraft*'s in the *Strand*, Capt. *Jenkins*'s in *Eſſex ſtreet*, Mr. *Carew*'s in *Coventgarden*, (Goldſmiths.) Mr. *Underhill* at the Leg in the *Strand*, the *Temple* Coffee-houſe, Mr. *Dixon*'s in St. *Martins-lane*, and at ſeveral other places.

☞ *This day, and the following days this week, and no longer, will continued the Sale of the Library of M. Serjeant* Farrington *and Sir* Peter Pett, *Deceaſed, conſiſting of a choice Collection of Books of the Common and Civil Law, Divinity, Hiſtory, and all ſorts of Learning, in* Engliſh, Latin, Greek, *&c. of above* 2000 *Volumes; alſo* 60 *Volumes of choice Tracts, and ſeveral Hundred Unbound, with valuable Manuſcripts, will be Sold by Retail at very reaſonable Rates, (the Price being put in each Book) at* Howſon's *Coffee-houſe, in* Devereux Court *without* Temple Bar. *Catalogues of them are to be ſeen at the place of Sale.*

Advertiſements.

*** *Ludgate-Priſon, June* 20. 1699. Whereas divers Annual Gifts and Legacies have heretofore been left by the Charity of Well-diſpoſed Perſons, to the Uſe of the Poor Priſoners in *Ludgate*; a great part of which (partly by the loſs of their Books in the Dreadful Fire in 1666, and partly through the Remiſneſs and Negligence of former Stewards) hath been loſt or miſemployed, and the Payment thereof diſcontinued; whereby a great number of Poor Priſoners belonging to the ſaid Priſon, are reduced to an almoſt Starving Condition, being utterly unable to keep themſelves, and wholly deſtitute of all manner of Subſiſtance, ſave what is given by the Charity of Well-diſpoſed Chriſtians: Therefore it is humbly requeſted by the ſaid Poor Priſoners, That all good People, who have the knowledge of any of the ſaid Gifts and Legacies, would be pleaſed to diſcover the ſame to the Steward and Aſſiſtants in the ſaid Priſon, in order to their being recovered and employed for the Relief of the ſaid Indigent Priſoners. It is alſo further humbly prayed, That all ſuch Charitable Chriſtians, who are or ſhall be inclined to beſtow any Sums of Money towards the Relief or Releaſment of the ſaid Poor Priſoners for Debt, would pleaſe to give it within the Hatch of the ſaid Priſon, in preſence of the Steward and ſome of the Aſſiſtants, taking a Receipt for the ſame with the Priſon Seal thereto; by which means it may be rightly employed to the end intended by them.

*** Notice is hereby given from the *Society of Aſſurance* by mutual Contributions for Survivorſhip, aſcertaining 250 *l.* to the Survivor of Man and Wife, becoming Widower or Widow; Subſcriptions are daily taken at Mr. *Grigsby*'s Office over-againſt the Swan Tavern in *Exchange-alley*, from 10 till 1, and from 3 till 6, where many have already Subſcribed. Each Subſcriber to pay at Entrance 5 *s.* for a Policy, 1 *s. per* Quarter, and 2 *s.* 6 *d.* to every Claim, for himſelf and Wife, till he or ſhe becomes a Claimant, and no longer; which Payments, according to the moſt exact Calculations that can be made, will not amount to more than 4 *l. per Annum*, and that's but an inconſiderable Charge for ſo large a Sum as 250 *l.* to be paid to the Survivor. We the Truſtees elected the 26th of *May* laſt, out of the firſt 50 Subſcribers) do hereby give Notice, That we have met the Undertakers, examined and peruſed the Articles of the ſaid Society, and do not find any thing therein contained or intended thereby, but what we are fully perſwaded may be for the general ſatisfaction and advantage of the Subſcribers, and do hereby recommend it as ſuch to the Publick. Witneſs our Hands, the 8th of *June*, 1699, *Robert Howſon*, Miniſter; *Joſiah Chitty*, Merchant; *William Bayley*, Gold-ſmith; *George Segner*, Jeweller, and *Robert Norris*, Apothecary.

At a Meeting of the Truſtees the 27th of *June*, it was reſolved and agreed, That ſo ſoon as One Thouſand Perſons ſhall have Subſcribed to this Undertaking, the Summ of 500 *l.* be depoſited in the Bank of *England*, for a Security.

☞ The *Antivenereal* Pills, *Electuary* and *Tincture*, which certainly, ſafely and effectually Cure a Gonorrhæa, Pain, Heat, Scalding of the Water, *&c.* in a few days time, without Confinement. As alſo violent Aches and Pains in the Head, Back, Shoulders, Arms, Legs, or Night-pains, and other Symptoms of the *Venereal* or *French* Diſeaſe. The Pills alone have Cured Hundreds. They Purge off the Remains of this Diſeaſe formerly ill Cured, or prevent it, if but in Danger. Their Operation, in any Seaſon, by Sea or Land, is ſafe, hinder no Buſineſs, nor give cauſe of Suſpition. Price 3 *s.* or 6 *s.* a Box, with Directions. By *J. S.* Phyſician, next Door to the *Golden Helmet* in *Duke-ſtreet*, in the *Old Artillery*, without *Biſhops-gate*.

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